

~~Memory of Man Still Roams~~

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The Memory of Man Still Roams

The memory of man still roams
 In childhood's ditches rocks and roads
 In wonder ~~fear~~ awe and astonishment
 Where each man learned his how
 Of being in the world; and now
 These doors ^{swing wide in} ~~fling open~~ every dreamer
 In-marching replicas they seem
 Of those with whom he first learned how

Ah I could never forget
 Nor would I want to
 These bones and teeth and smiles
 That roam my memory

(1955)

